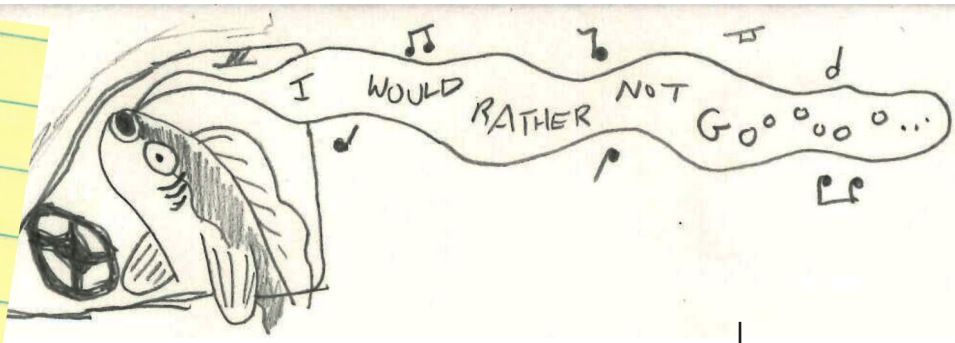
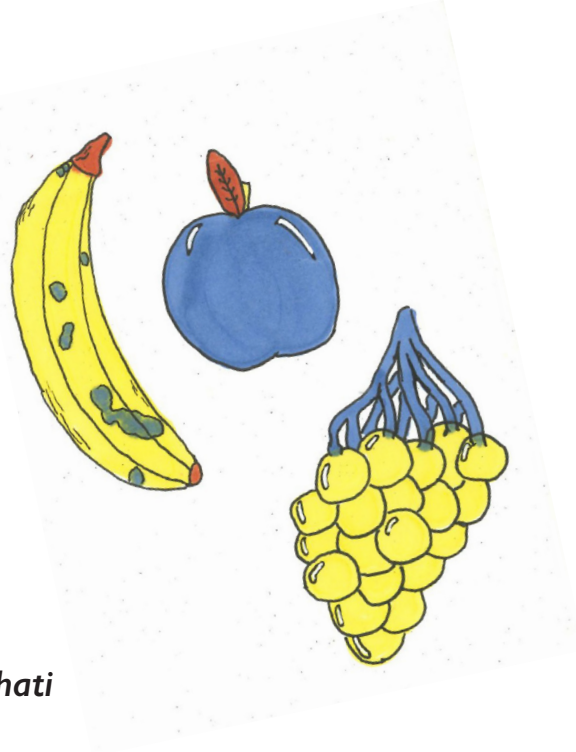
Volume 4
Spring 2019

FRUITCAKE

Story
to FP
to facilitators
Ring
Ring
Ring
Ring
Habitus
Habitus
Past & Future
Social worlds change based on how they were created
Habitus informs
THANKS
GOOD LUCK





Contributors:

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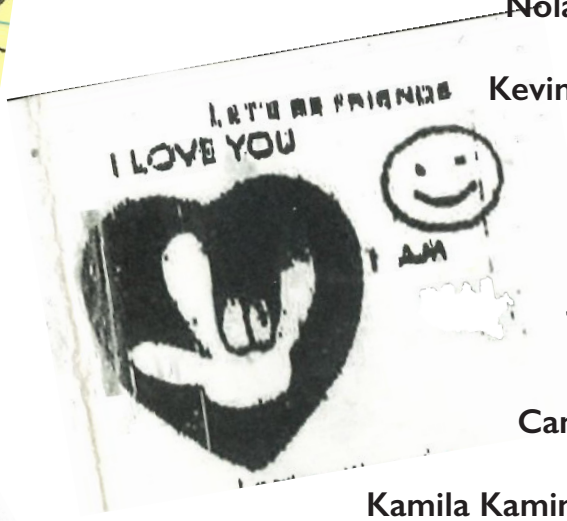
Kamila Kaminska-Palarczyk
Toni Talbot
Abbey Carmel
Andrea Duran
Junior
Amanda Leiserowitz
Lourdes De La Torre
Anna Reagan
Mariana Garcia Jimenez



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Interested in Joining?

Check out our website:
fruitcakemagazine.com

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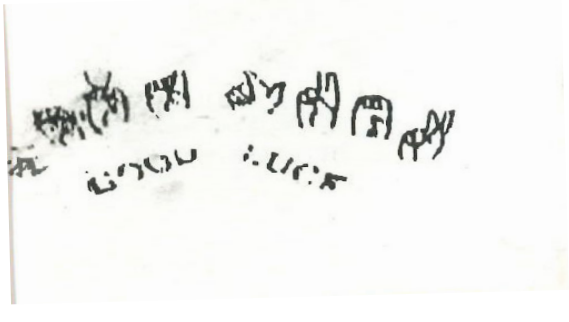
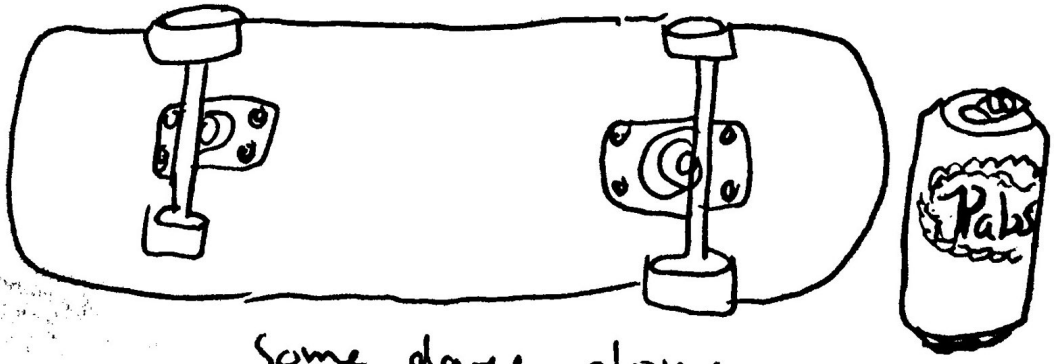
A Note From The Editors

Fruitcake is a submission-based comic and humorous fiction magazine at UCSC. It is a space dedicated to creating a platform for the expression of thought. We believe that truth can be conveyed by many means and many people, this is why we choose to hold space for the informal. It is our belief that informality does not belie a lack of intent; rather, we believe there is much truth to be found in the rough drafts and unrefined. Embedded in these values is a firm belief in anti-zionism, anti-imperialism, ACAB, and that we will achieve collective liberation.

With this 4th volume of Fruitcake, we can't help but marvel at the creation of this magazine and the space it has created. We think of our founders often; to Yves, Lucy, Anneliese and Brandon, we thank you for creating something worth continuing.

Just as Fruitcake is very special to us, we hope it becomes special to you. We hope it inspires you to tell your own stories, and that you get out infinitely more than what was put in.

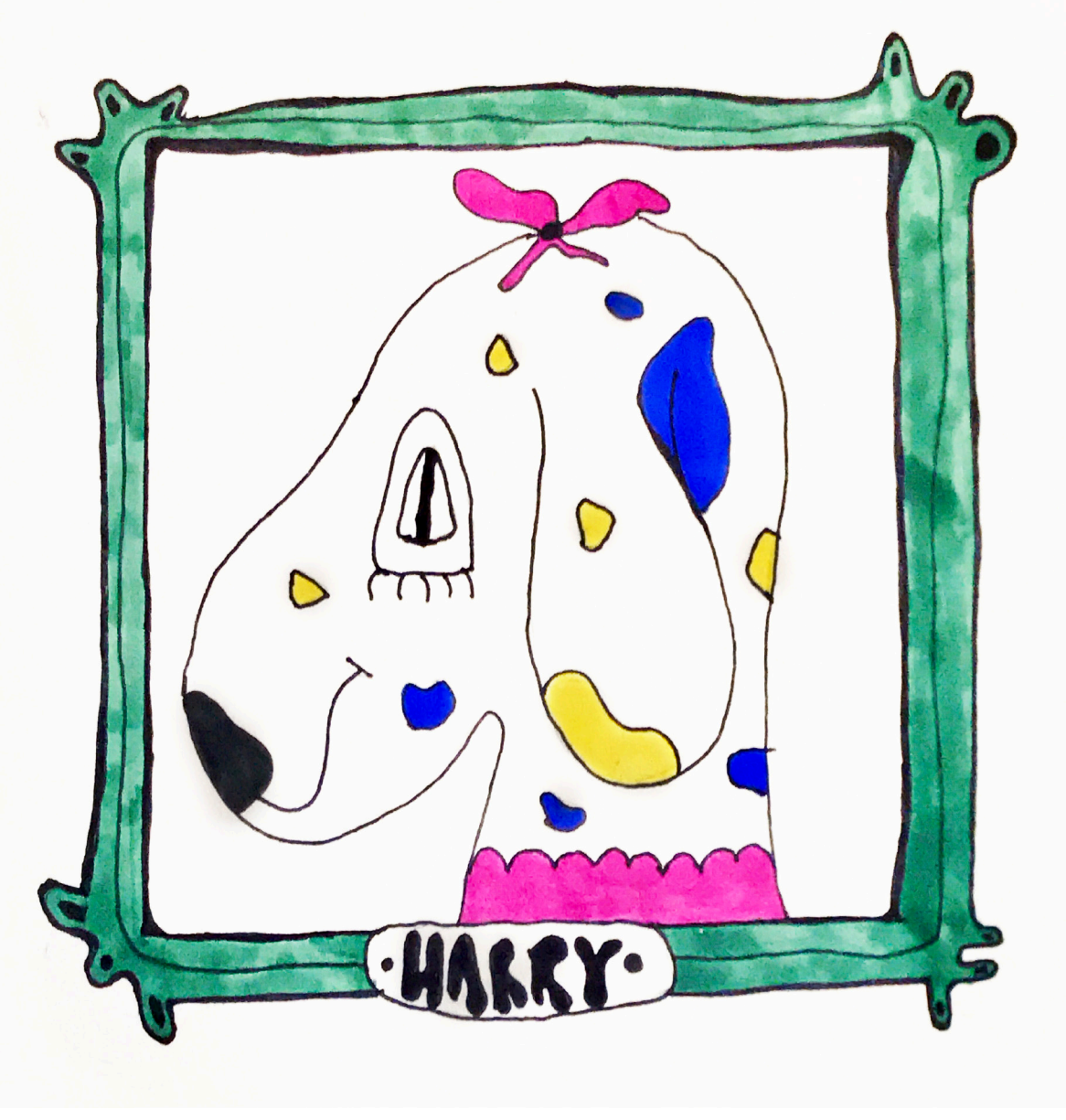




Some days alone
some days not

Toni Talbot

Alex Vareljian



Abbey Carmel

I try to reach into my Soul

but it swats my hand away

Katie Silva-Grizzle

HEY LESBIANS!
TOO MANY LAYERS ON? FEAR NOT...
HERE ARE SOME NEW & EXCITING WAYS TO CARRY YOUR JACKET, YOU OVER-PREPARED DYKE!!!
Le French Tuck
"I-JUST-GOT-MY-PERIOD" AROUND THE WAIST METHOD
FRESH OUT-THE-SHOWER
80'S HIGH SCHOOL FUCKBOY
DESIGNATED PACK-MULE
60-60 FROM KILL BILL
LINUS FROM PEANUTS

Lizzy Choi

lepidoptera

and i- OOP

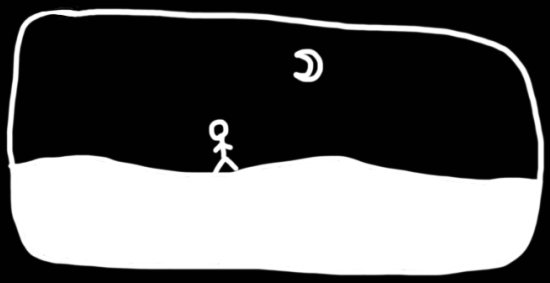
canis lupus farmiliaris

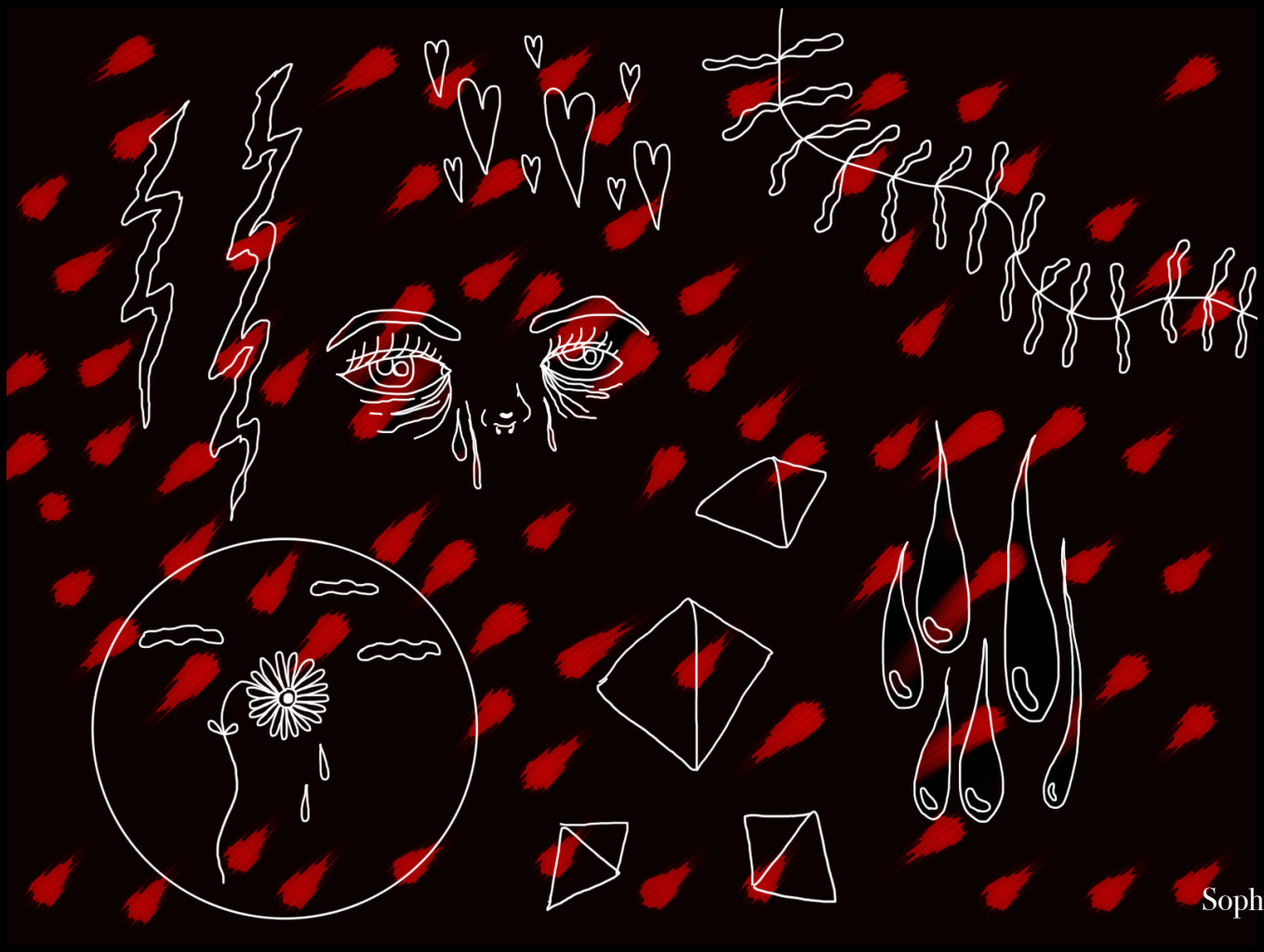
Alyssa Valdez

Andrea Duran

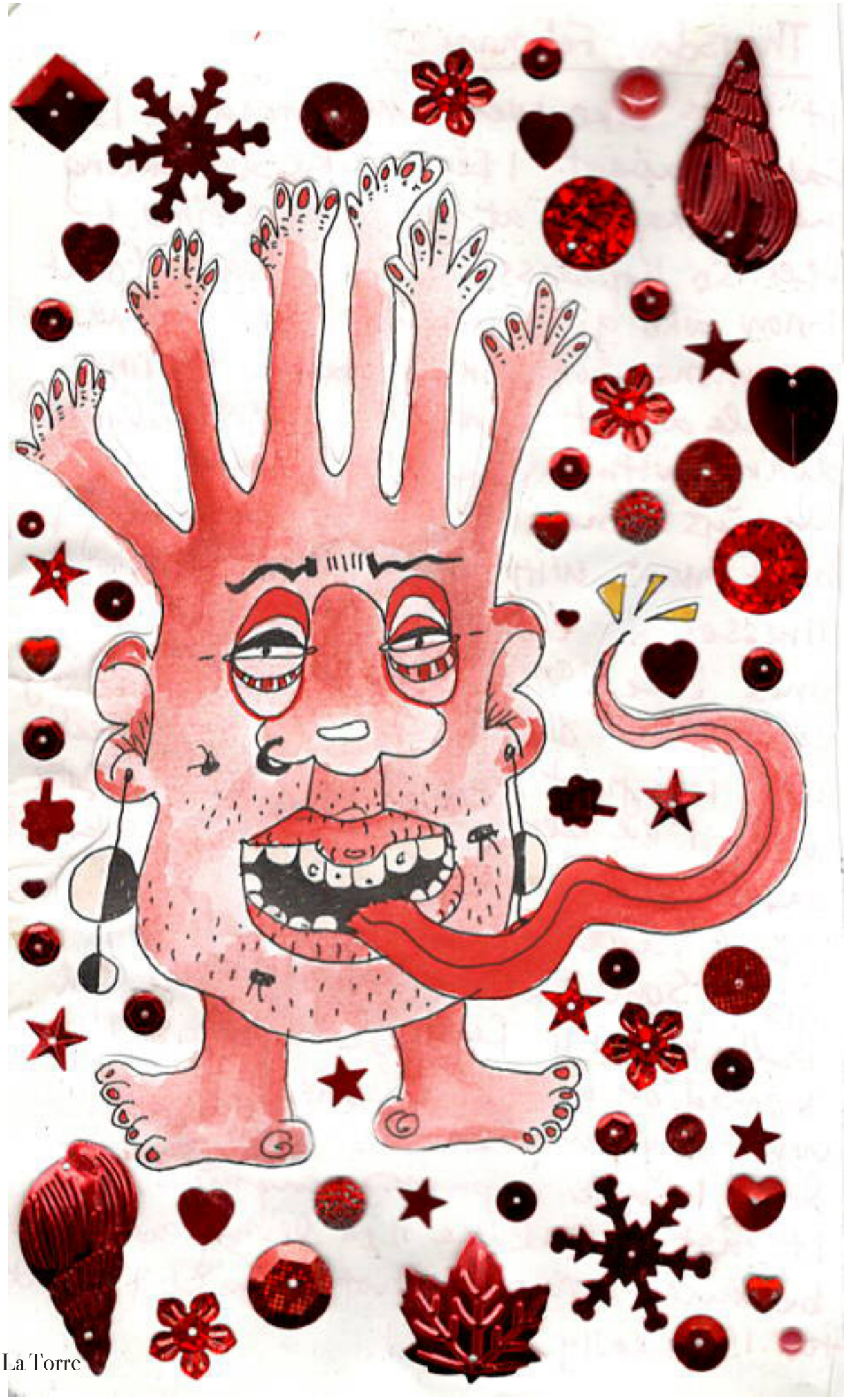
Jose Domingo

DIGITAL LOVE





Sophia Lin



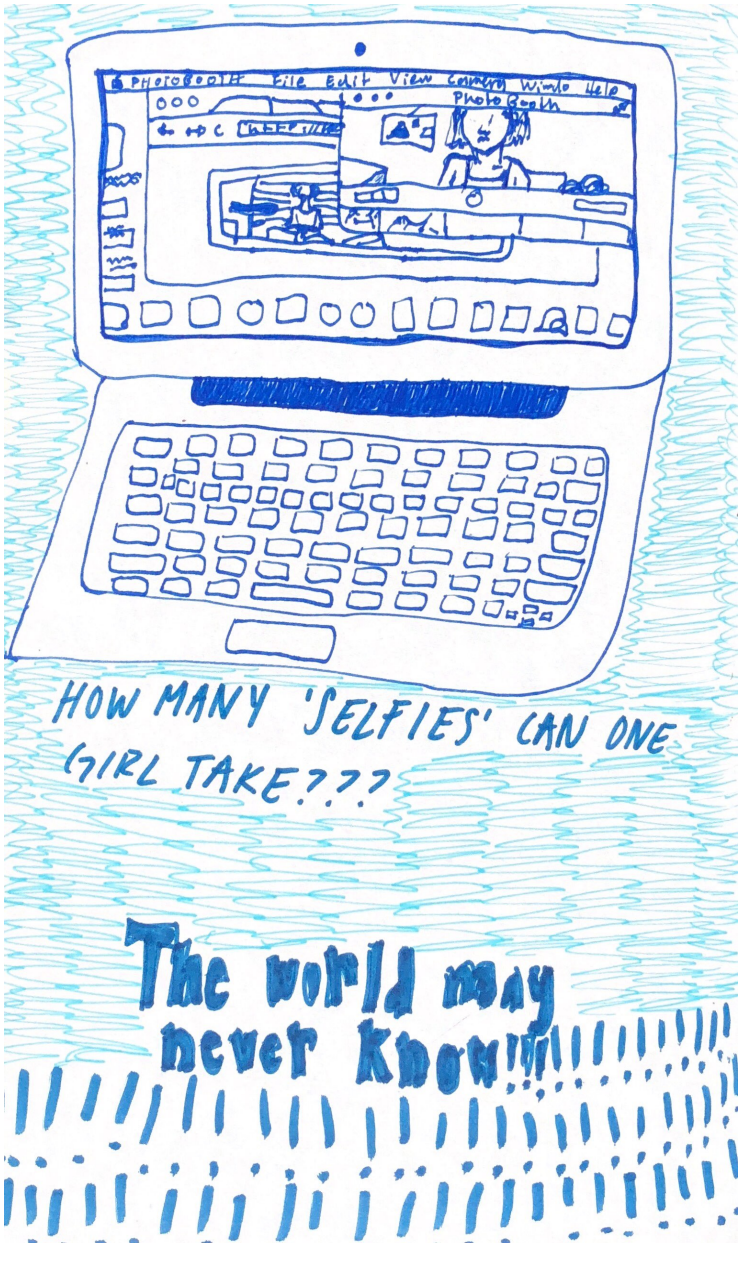
Lourdes De La Torre

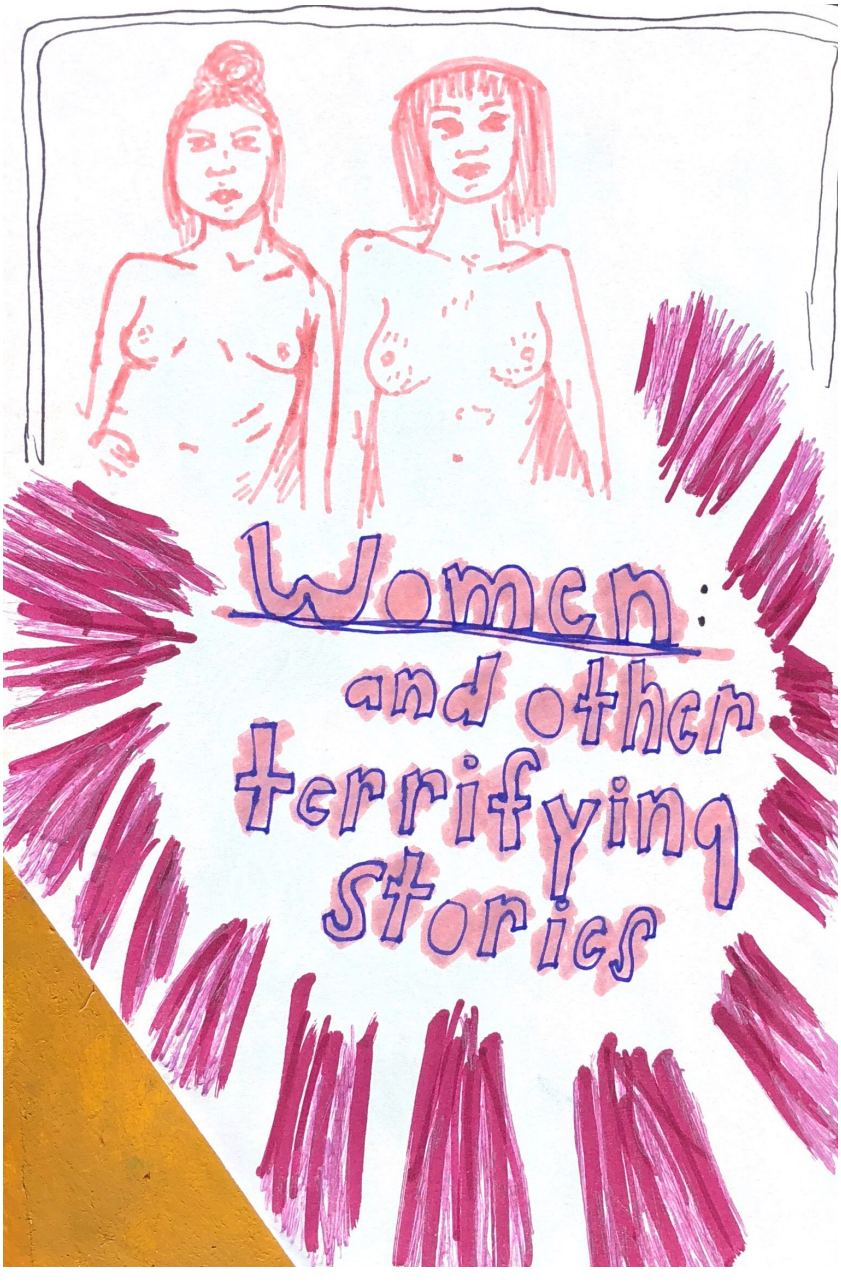
Rose Collins

I thought that dead animals no longer bothered me...
but then one time,
when I was dissecting a sea otter,
after I had finally detached the skull...
I turned it around,
and the foramen magnum...
... began to leak.
And as I sat there,
Watching this animal's liquified brain leak out of its skull,
all I could think was,
"No matter what I do with my life, where I go, or who I hold on to, the part of myself that I value the most is going to just become mush someday.

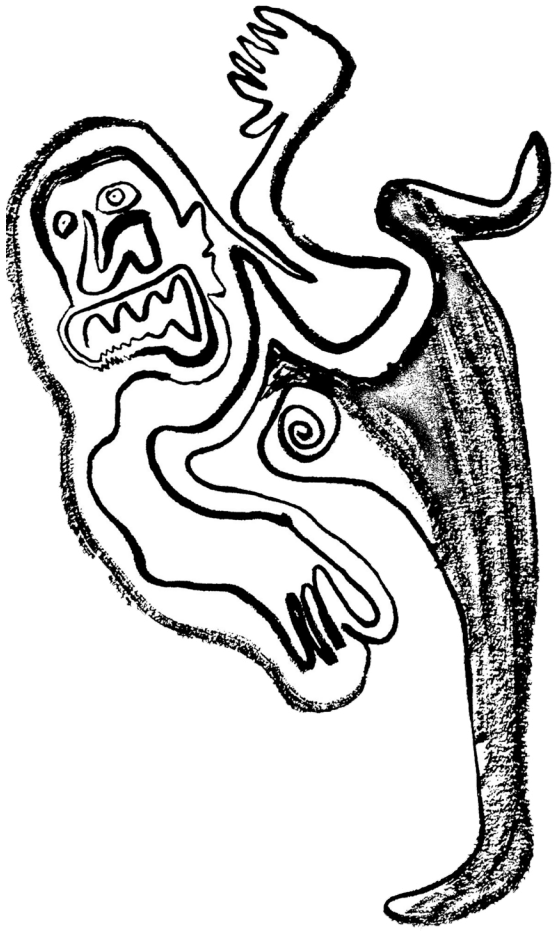
Junior

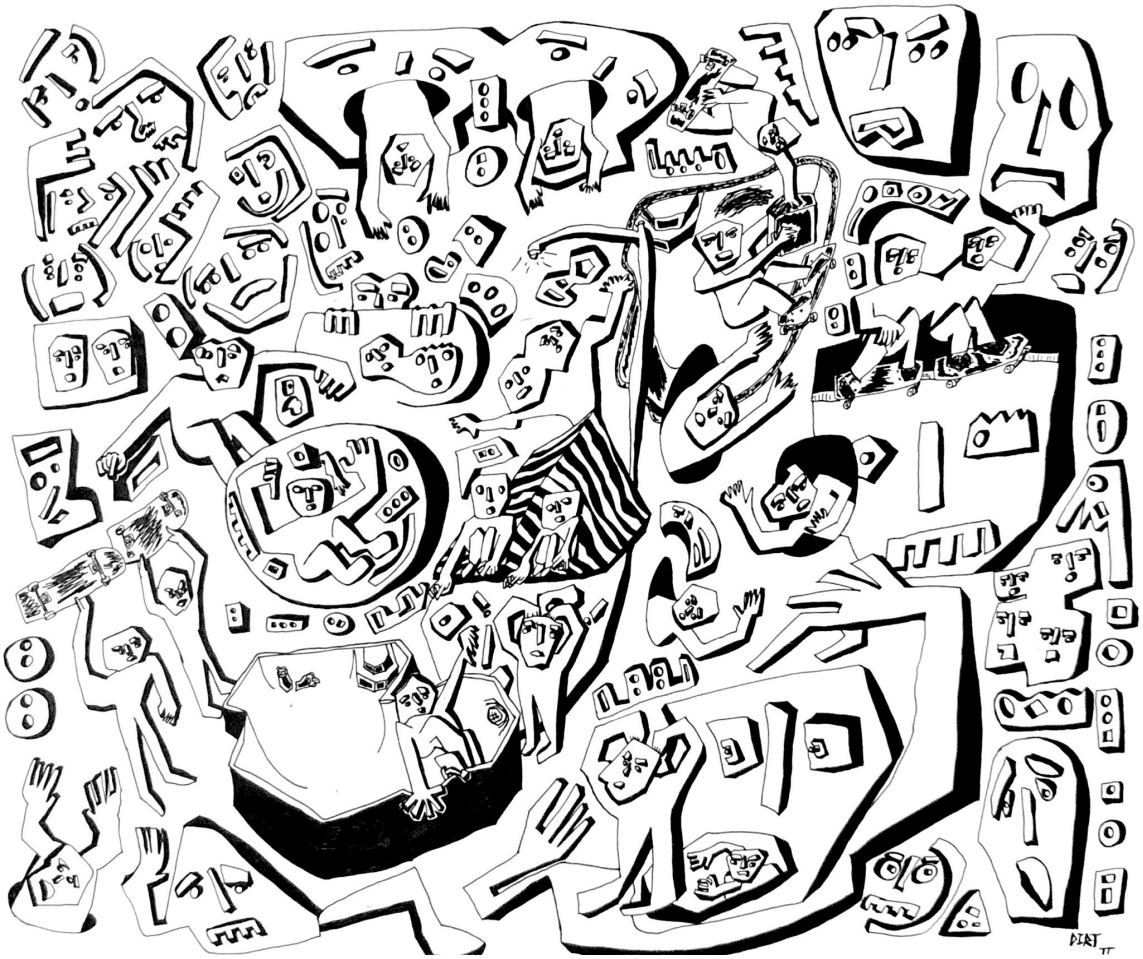
Amanda Leiserowitz



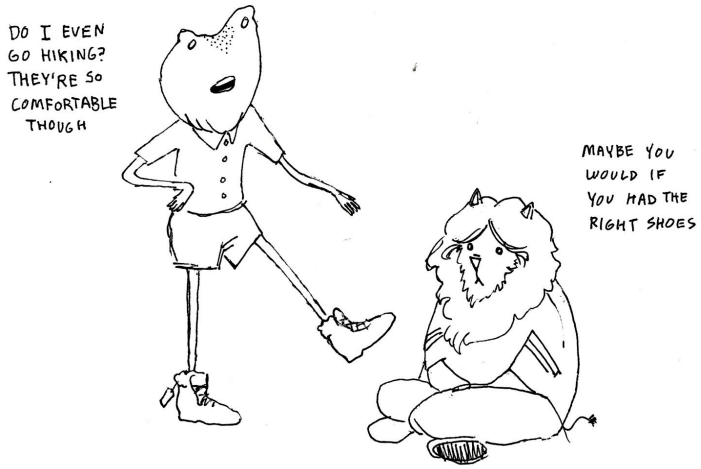


Andrea Duran

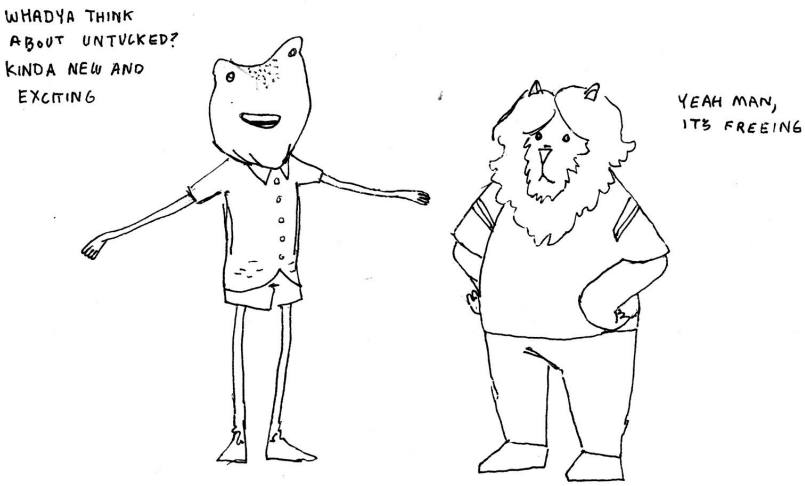




Toni Talbot


DO I EVEN GO HIKING? THEY'RE SO COMFORTABLE THOUGH
MAYBE YOU WOULD IF YOU HAD THE RIGHT SHOES

BUT CAN I DO HATS? SOMETIMES I'M LIKE OF COURSE... BUT TODAY I'M NOT SO SURE
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT DUDE, HATS AND YOU ARE LIKE PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY.


WHADYA THINK ABOUT UNTUCKED? KINDA NEW AND EXCITING
YEAH MAN, IT'S FREEING

JANE BREAKS GLASS

Olivia Loorz

THE BLUE EMP
BACK AGAIN
...IM BACK

Lucinda Gold

CONTINUED

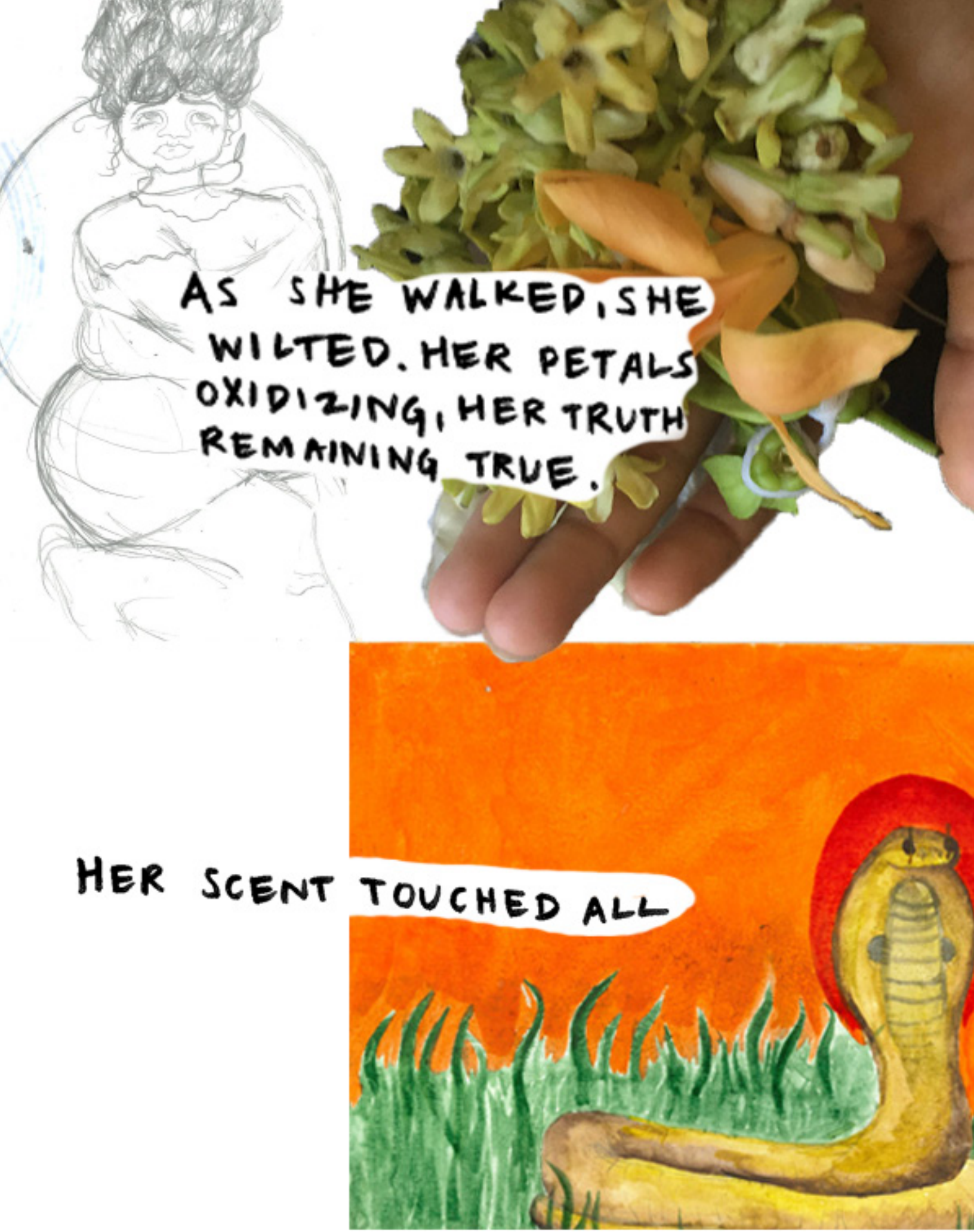
AND SO SHE LANDED

AND WHERE SHE WALKED
THERE WAS PEACE

VIOLENCE WAS MADE EVIDENT;
IT COULD NOT REMAIN

HER MESSAGE WAS
THE CLARITY OF THE
MOON HANGING IN THE
BLUE OF A MIDSUMMER
SKY

DELIVERED WITH THE
FORCE OF A MOONRISE
OVER A WARM OCEAN,
APPEARING ON THE
HORIZON LIKE THE BLAZE
OF AN INFERNAL FIRE


AS SHE WALKED, SHE WILTED. HER PETALS OXIDIZING, HER TRUTH REMAINING TRUE.
HER SCENT TOUCHED ALL

Finally he pulled a little too hard and she held the string a little too softly and the plain red balloon snatched itself out of their hand.

They watched it make its way past chandini. It seemed to get infinitely smaller. Permanantly escaping this planet and these violences. Making away like ~~weave~~ are all irredeemable to it.

As they were watching the balloon leave this world behind, they noticed a small white dot emerging from chandi

As the balloon grew further and f the white dot grew closer and ~~larger~~ more dot

As the edges of the red balloon bec less discernable, the outer ~~border~~ the white dot gave way to ~~pierce~~ fo pointed definitions of mallipuvu pet

a red dot stood out against the green of the sycamore in the distance. What is that? A tree tag?

Its a balloon. A balloon that was filled with helium and tied to the wrist of a sad girl/woman/boy. They ~~had~~ walked into the party store with the sole intention of buying a red balloon. Not a mylar one or anything, ~~also~~ just a plain red balloon. Filled with helium. They tied the balloon to their wrist and hoped that the balloon would transfer its buoyancy to their sad scared heart.

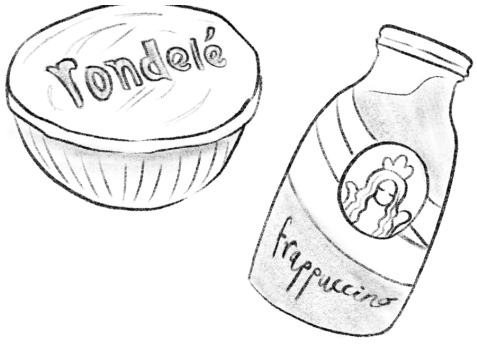
They walked from the party store down the to the weed-filled lot block. It smelled like piss and ozone. Looking at their red balloon the boy/woman/girl felt their heart become a little less irredeemable. Their belly and shameful lower back pain a little less permanent

They untied the balloon so they could feel its buoyancy a little more distinctly. Its weightlessness and abrupt pull when they lower their hand quickly and stretch it fast.

IT REMAINS THOUGH
HER BODY IS SOIL

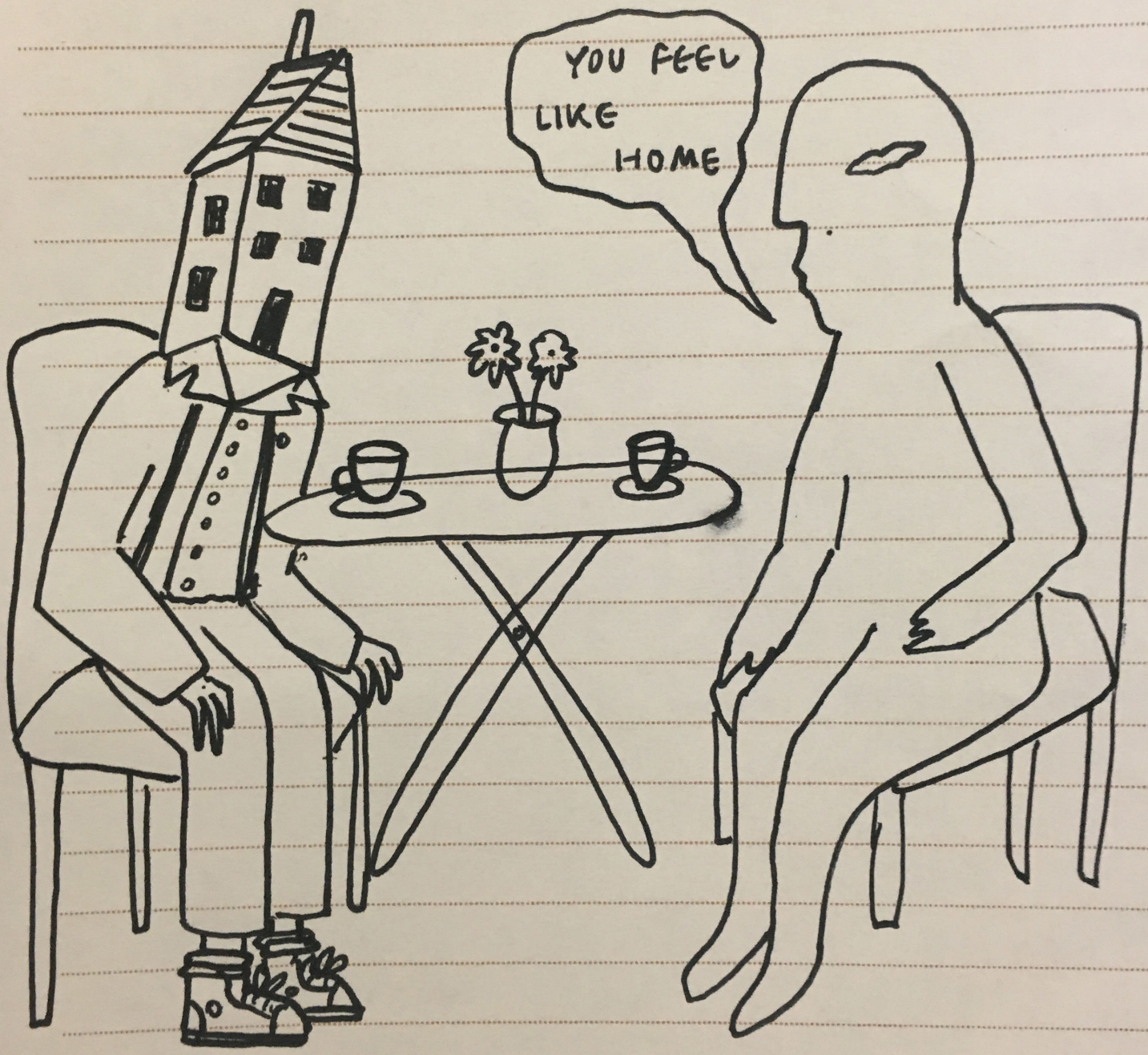
In which I forget I have

FOOD SENSITIVITIES



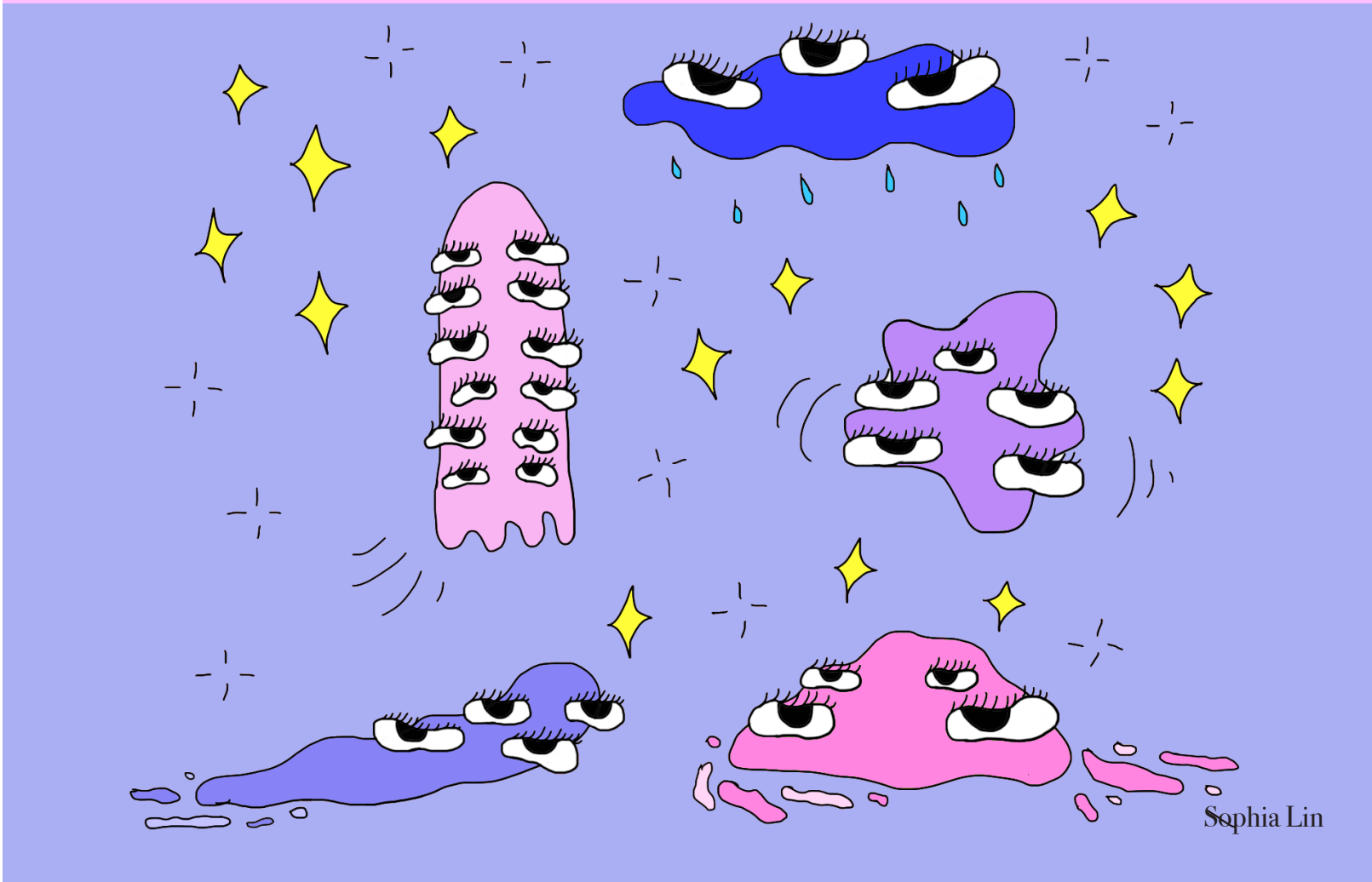
Didn't take a lactose pill

Amanda Leiserowitz


YOU FEEL
LIKE
HOME

Anna Reagan

Emet Levy


Sophia Lin

FIRE ALARM

BY ELLORY ERECUS

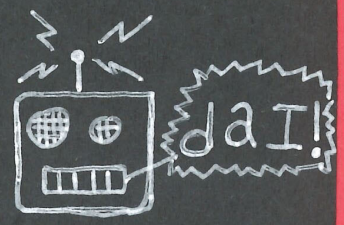
HEY MAN WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG
THIS LIGHTER DOESN'T—
WANNA—
OW!
DO YOU NEED HELP?
GIRL I LOVE YOU BUT I DUNNO IF I TRUST YOU AROUND LIGHTERS ANY-MORE.
ON ACCOUNTS OF THE MOTH HEAD THING.
JUST ONE FLICK??
NO.
WHAT'S THIS ONE GONNA DO FOR US ANY WAY?
NO. ACTUALLY.
MOTHIFY THE REST OF YOU
UHH...
THE PAGE IS KINDA FUCKED, CAN'T TELL. 7 INCENSE STICKS THO, MUST BE A DOOZY.
HURRY UP CANTHIA
OK.
GOT IT THIS TIME.
LOREM IPS—
BWEEE

ən'sɜrtənti

baɪ

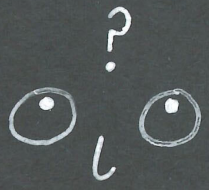
'wɛstəh

ðə 'fjutʃər

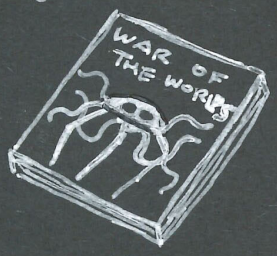


ɪz 'skɛri...

bʌt nɑt haʊ wi θɪŋk.

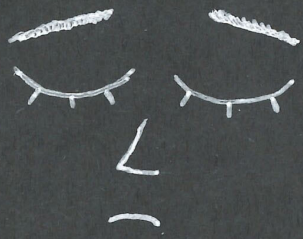


wi meɪk ʌp θɪŋz ðæt ar



ən,ri'lɪstɪk

soʊ wi doʊnt hæv tu dil...

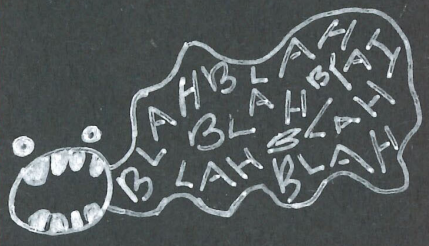


wɪð ði

ən'sɜrtənti

ʌv 'aʊər oʊn lɪvz.

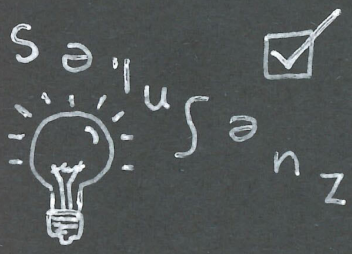
tu 'rɛmədi ðɪs, wi ʃʊd tɔk...



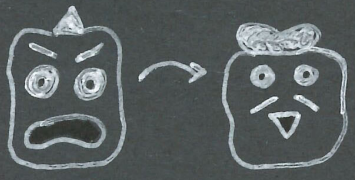
ə'baʊt ðə stʌf

wir ən'ʃʊr ʌv,

ænd 'foʊkəs ən 'faɪndɪŋ



ðæt help ʌs dil



wɪð 'aʊər 'prɑbləmz

ɪn'stɛd ʌv ɪg'nɔrɪŋ ðɛm

ɔr 'rʌnɪŋ ə'weɪ.

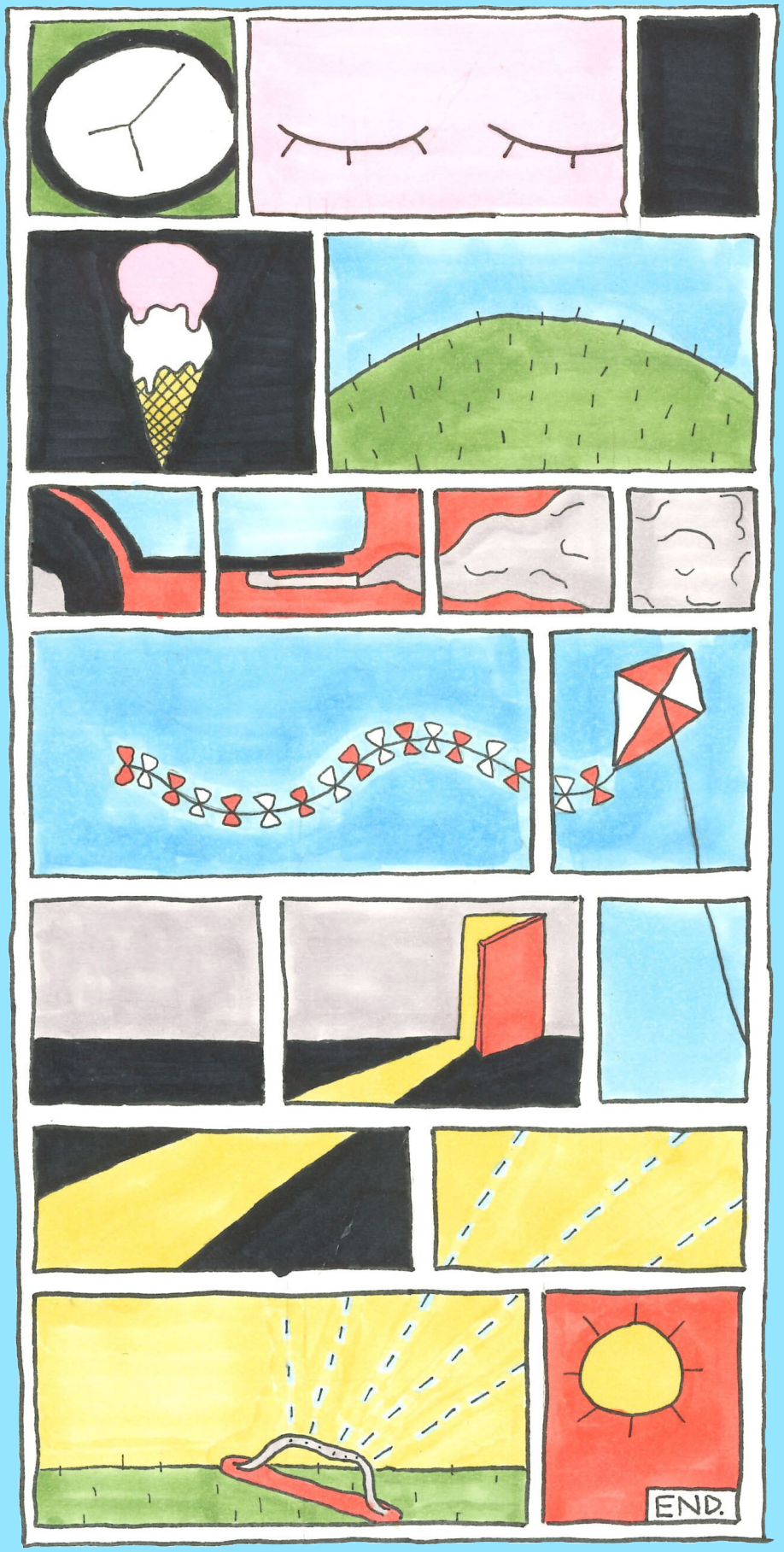
ði ɛnd

Weston Gray

Nolan Perla

Josh Zupan

Rose Collins



Junior

Ingird Marroquin-Galvez

Marina Huang

I am fed by my Instagram feed

kimkardashian

1,386,222 likes
KimKardashian Always Us

cupidok

582 likes

boy_next_doorXXX

25 likes

thescreamer

22 likes

It's not the healthiest diet but it's all I **crave**

Kevin Thonginpong

Andrea Duran

CAN YOU SCREAM AND CRY AND
LAUGH AND SIGH ALL AT ONCE
WITH-
OUT
MAKING
A
SOUND
????
IT SURE FEELS LIKE IT.
CAN YOU SLOW DOWN TIME, IF YOU
REALLY TRY????

Sophia Lin

Sophia Lin

Mariana Garcia Jimenez

ELOISE

by Kamila Kaminska-Palarczyk

Eloise wore purple glasses that always looked like they would slide off the cliff of her hooknose. She was an elderly lady, finally accepting the place the world had put her in. She was old with no children to take care of her, all relatives either deceased or unknown, and so Eloise was the rotting discarded waste of society.

But Eloise enjoyed that no one bothered her. At her age, she could get away with most everything. By now the cashiers at the coffee shop learned to just let her meander in and sit in her usual place by the window. Eloise would waddle in with her sagging buttocks and wiggle in the purple armchair in the corner until she was comfortably settled in. Her breasts were long and stretched out, folded over her belly as she slouched in the purple cushions of the purple chair. Purple.

Eloise stared out the window.

Across the street a sad gas station stood forgotten. Black and grey and red cars would fly past, they're intimidating speed leaving behind this sad little town in which she lived in.

Eloise looked down at her hands.

They had been through so much. All ten of them. They had stuck with her for this long, all of them being able to stay intact, and Eloise liked them. These ten fingers were her only friends.

That night, Eloise lay in bed, her wispy grey hair spread over her pillow. She looked up at the ceiling. Long ago when she had been young and her back allowed her to bend, Eloise had taken a bucket of gold paint and painted a sun. The sun had stretched across the ceiling, and a few of the sunrays escaped, and dripped down the walls. The dripping, of course, was accidental. Eloise was not entirely skilled at holding her brush and so would splatter or dribble, from time to time, droplets of gold sun all over her room. The sun made her happy.

Now Eloise looked at her ten gnarled fingers again. They were purple from the cold and the gold sun was failing to heat them up. She wondered...

Eloise slowly took her pointer finger and began to move it under the sheets towards her belly button. She passed her bellybutton. Her pointer finger was now joined by her middle finger. The tips of her fingers were so cold.

She began to moan.

Faster.

And faster.

And faster and faster andfasterandfasterandfaster*and*FASTER-

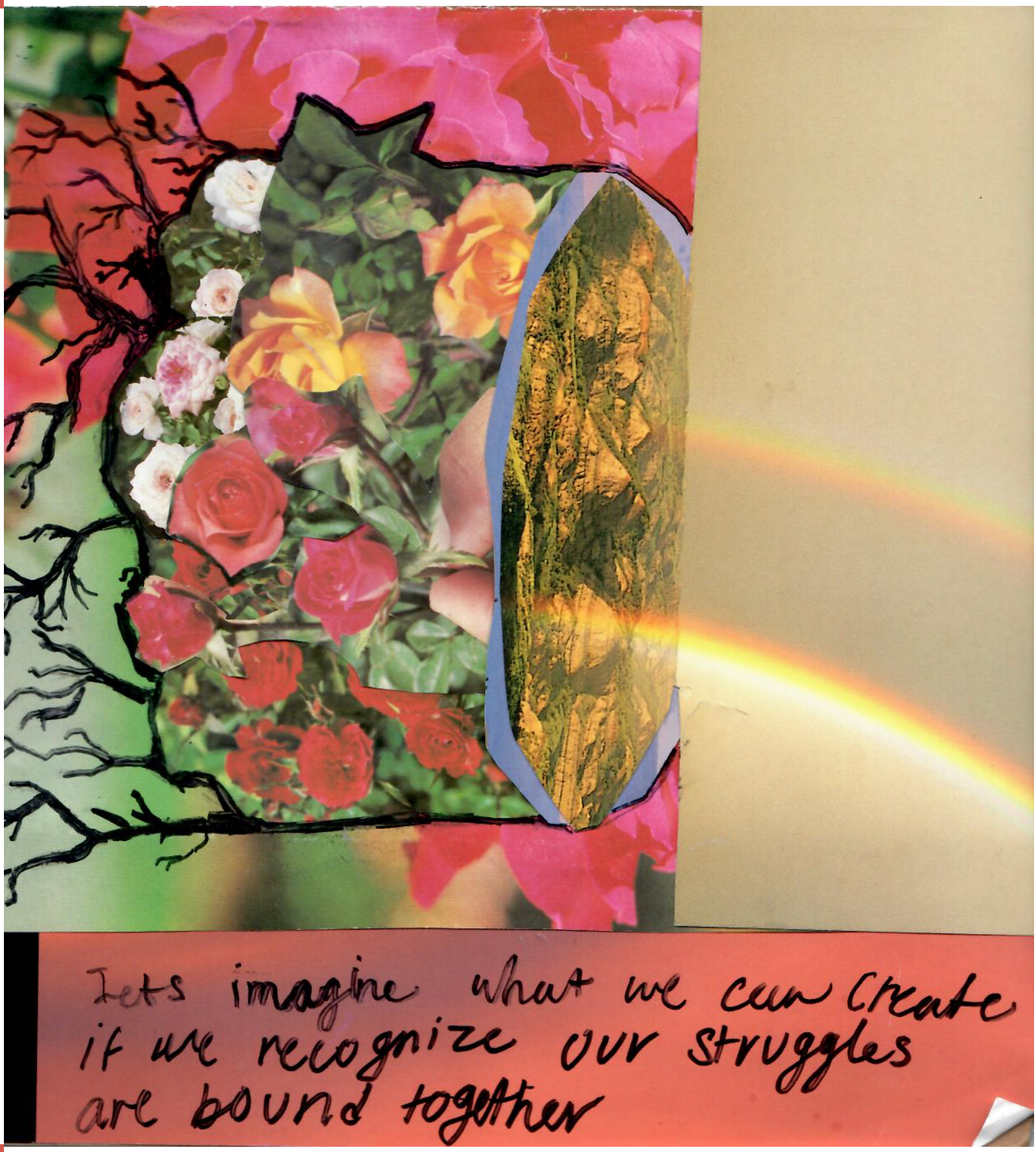
Her shaky fingers moved in and out of her.

Eloise was so close to being happy.

She could remember the feeling of the warm sun tickling her face. Her wrinkled lips pressed into a smile.

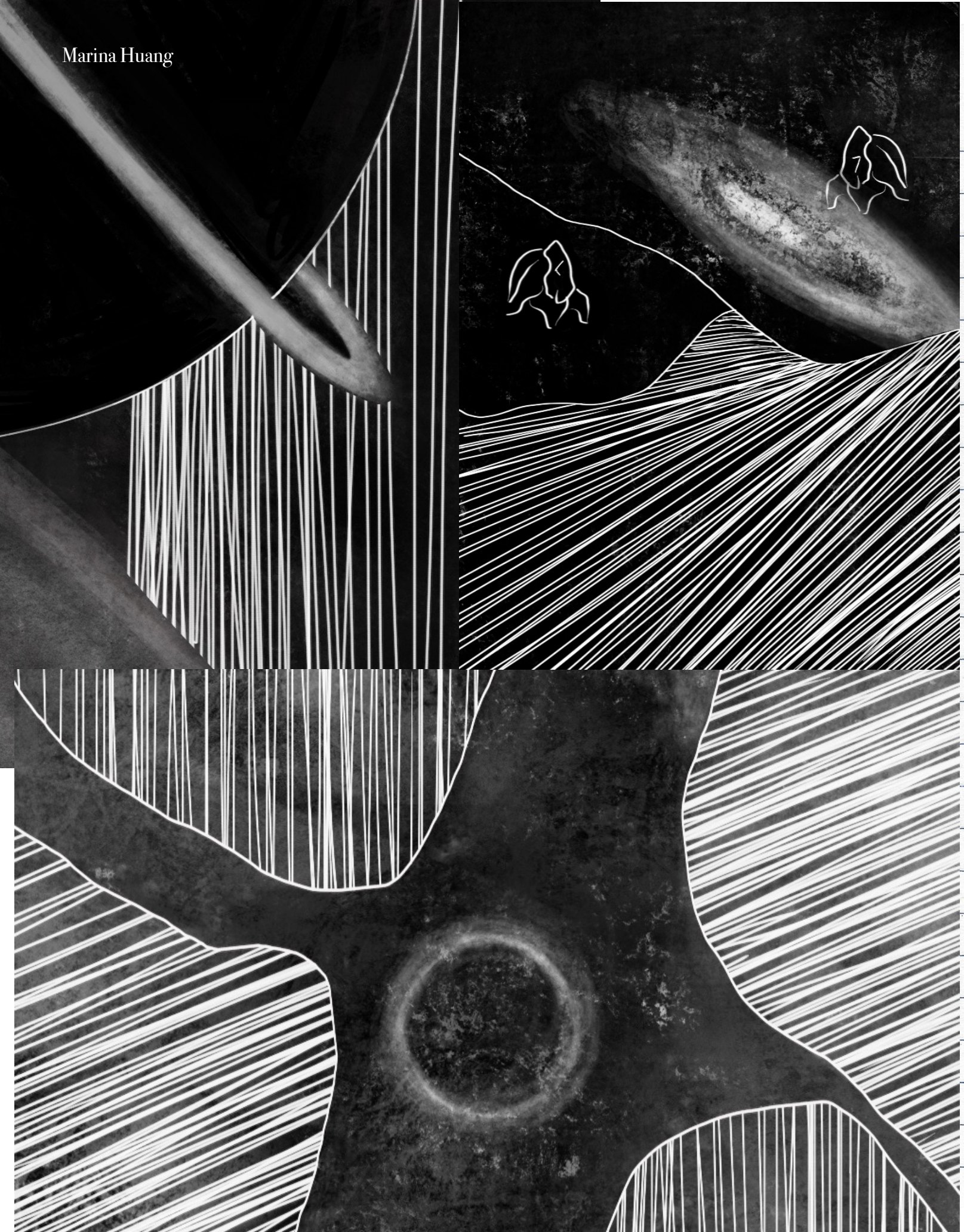
So close-

She removed her fingers and examined the escaped golden droplets of sun on her purple fingertips.

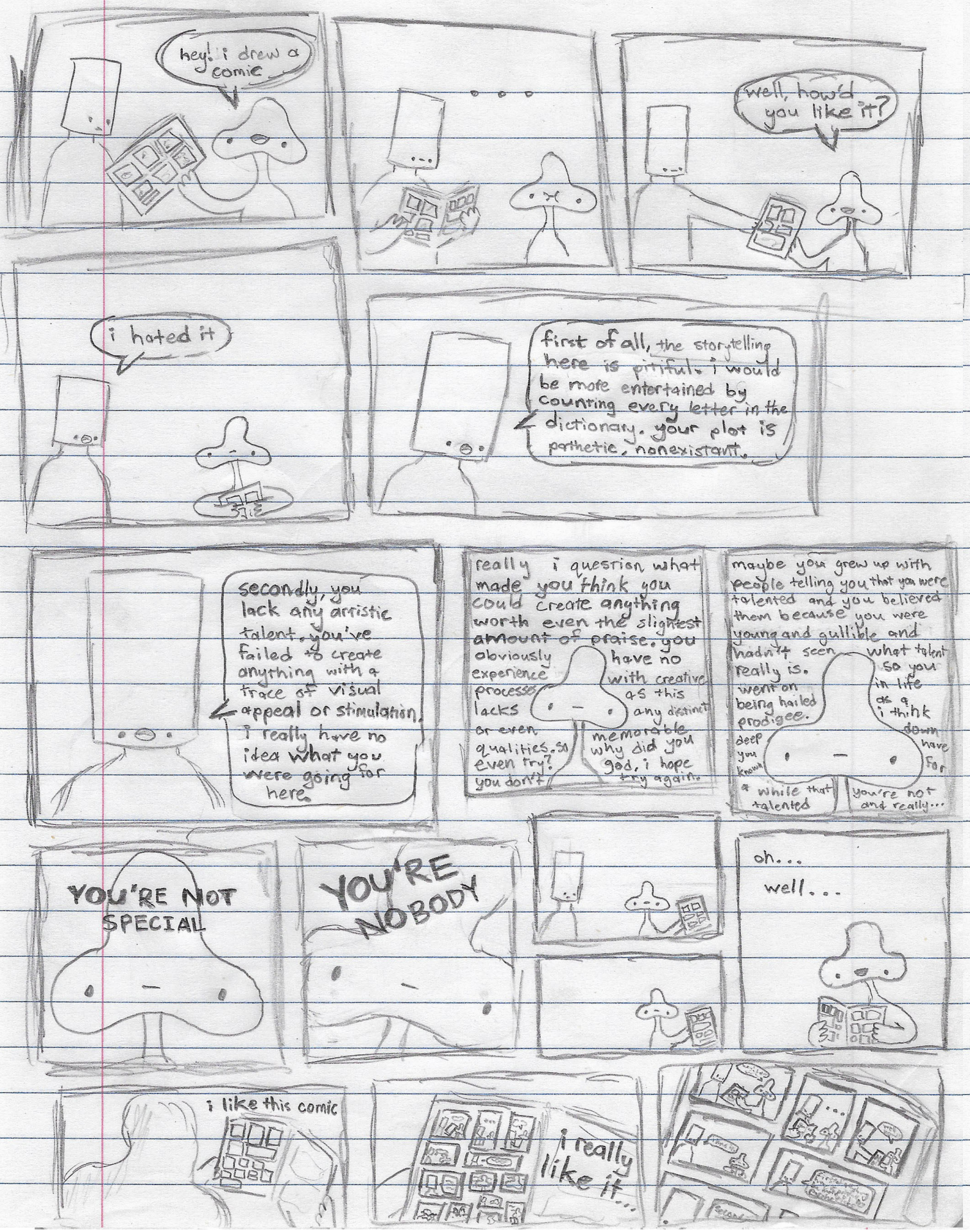


Mariana Garcia Jimenez

Marina Huang



Cameron Elswick



Thank You

we would like to acknowledge and thank everyone who has had a role in the construction and publication of this magazine.

thanks to our wonderful sponsors:
Porter Senate, Kresge Parliament, Crown Senate, Merrill Student Government, Cowell Student Senate, Stevenson Student Council, College 9 Student Senate, and College Ten Student Senate.
As well as: Core Council and the College Administrative Officers and Senior Directors.

thank you to the wonderful artists who submitted and made this year's volume possible and as awesome as it is.

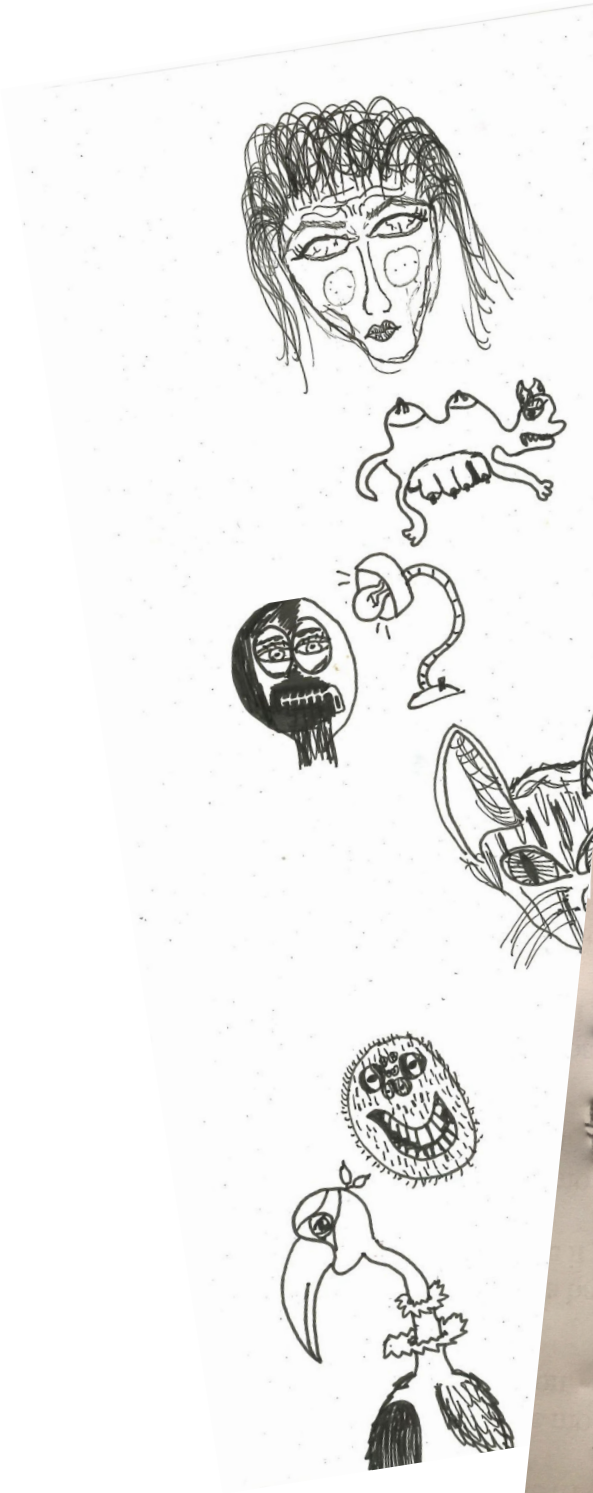
thanks to Student Media for providing the space and opportunity to produce Fruitcake, as well as the tremendous and continual support.

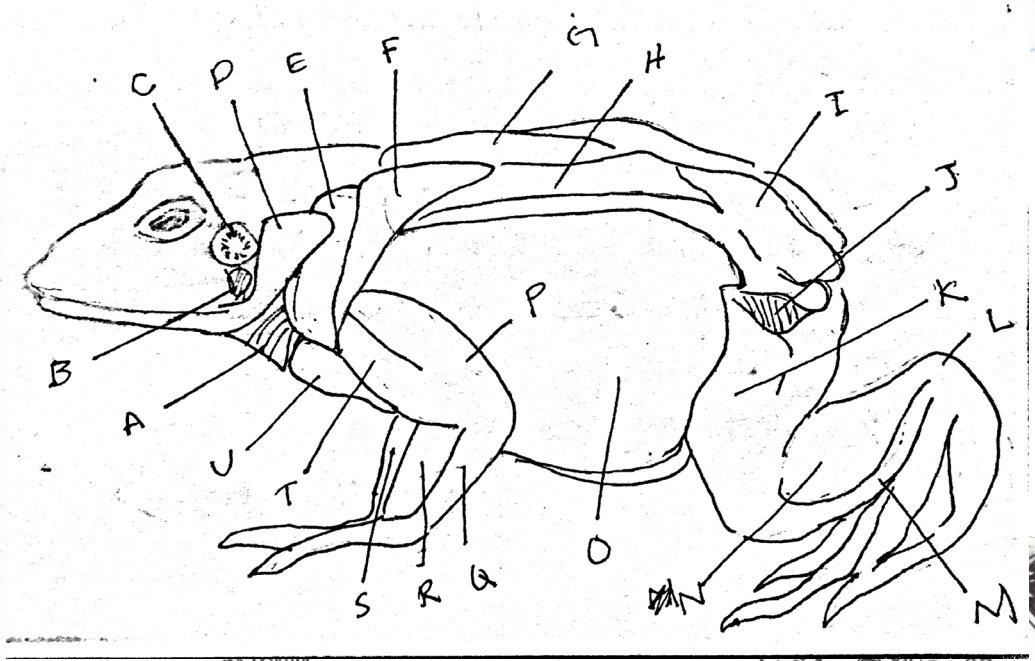
we'd like to express gratitude to Fricke-Parks Press and Mary and Dave for their helpfulness and being great to work with.

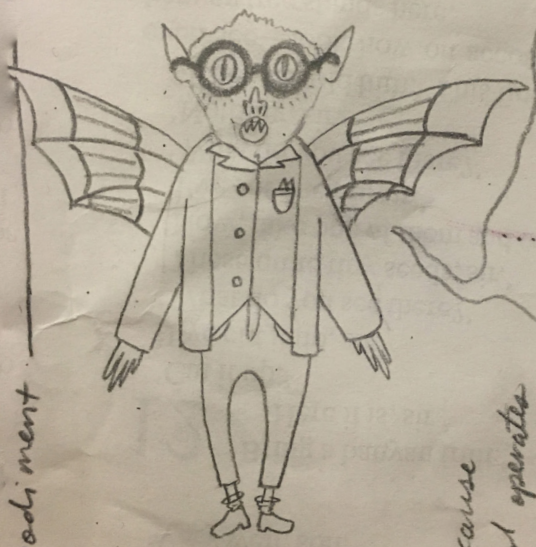
thank you to our amazing advisor Susan Watrous, without whom we would surely perish in a fiery blaze. words cannot express how thankful we are for your guidance and assistance

thanks to shutterslug for asking if we wanted pizza that one night in the press center, that was really lit of y'all.

and once again, thank you Yves, Lucy, Anneliese, and Brandon for birthing Fruitcake then trusting us enough to take care of your child. 'tis a surrogacy unlike any other.

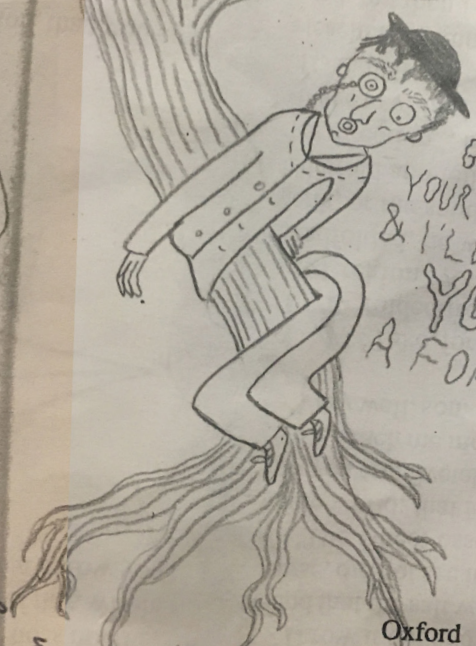




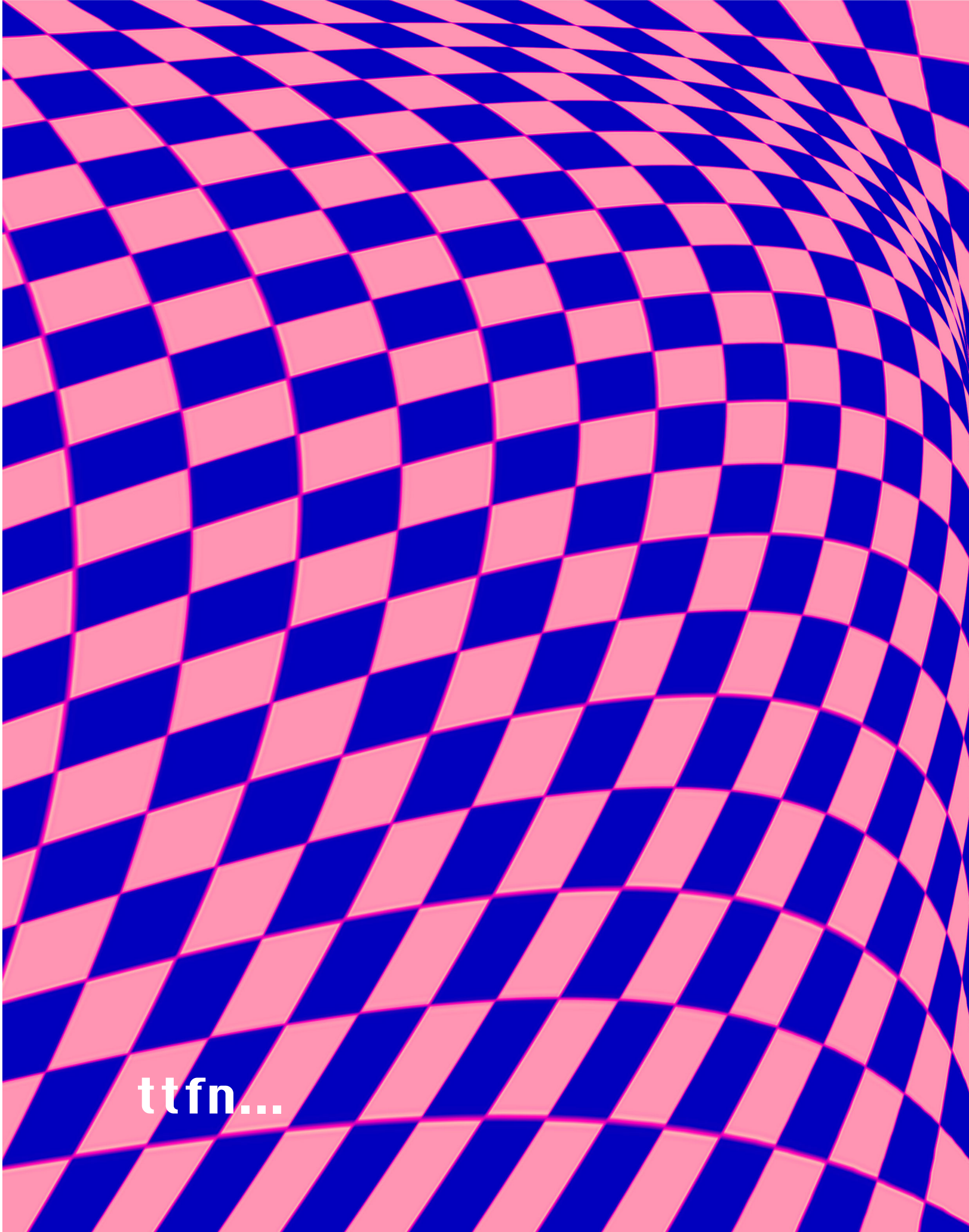


Translated from the Original Sanskrit by

PATRICK OLIVELLE



Oxford New York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